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DISCOVERY OF SIR EDWARD SMITH AND POCCA HONTAS BY THE INDIANS.

POCCA HONTAS:

A TALE OF THE FIRST ENGLISH EMIGRANTS TO NORTH AMERICA, FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER III.

WEARY with the day's labour, the Governor was
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sitting under the large plantain before his dwelling, and the occurrences of the last week—those frightful and stormy moments, presenting such a contrast to their late monotonous life—were passing in strange confusion before his mind. All was

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still in the town, nothing was heard in the distance but the uniform tread of the night watch, and their well-known call. A thick cloud veiled the horizon and prevented the light of the rising moon from falling on the earth; one of those peculiar twilight which powerfully affect the feelings prevailed over the quiet landscape, and Smith's spirits sank, so utterly alone did he feel in this distant world. His thoughts now winged their flight across the trackless sea to Albion's shores, whence he knew that a loving and a kindred soul was breathing like feelings towards him; but little did Smith think that one faithful heart was so near. Against the stem of the plantain the noble Poccahontas had for some time been leaning in all the agony of an orphan's grief. She had come to seek the grave of her father, to sing the death-song there, and to bring, according to the custom of her nation, the offering of a child's love. But, as she stood, another feeling agitated her aching heart, for was it not Smith who had treacherously murdered her father in the strife? This, at least, was Jukka's representation. How could she then reverence him, laden as she believed him to be with this great crime?

For a long time she stood behind him, and fearful was the inward struggle. She longed to ask him where her father lay, yet she was averse to open her lips to that parent's destroyer. A deep sigh which escaped her aroused Smith from his reverie, and when he first perceived the dark form of an Indian so near him, he was inclined to think that another attack was meditated upon his life. It was but for a moment. Recognising his own and his companion's deliverer, he warmly expressed the full feelings of his grateful heart; but Poccahontas heard him without interest.

"Where is my father's grave?" said she; "my father, whom thou hast slain!"

Smith understood her feelings and her repulsive air. "Come with me," said he, "and I will show thee."

With many tears, the Indian maiden followed her guide. They passed through the silent streets of the town, but at length came to a log-house before which a guard was stationed. The door was silently opened. Before the fire was seated, after the manner of the Indians, the aged chief; he did not at first look up, but when Poccahontas, with a loud exclamation of joy, rushed towards him, for the first time a ray of pleasure beamed upon his hard countenance. He pressed his child to him, but in a few moments the old grief returned; for he believed her to be also a prisoner—that the same fate awaited them both. He was turning fiercely towards Smith, when the girl took hold of his hand, and, as a gentle stream, soft words fell from her lips. She related Jukka's treacherous story, and spoke to him of his freedom from captivity as being certain. "Is it not so?" she said to Smith. "Thou wilt surely not murder my father?"

The captain replied by taking Powhattan's hand. "I will give thee thy freedom willingly," said he; "only let there be peace between me and thee, between thy tribe and mine. We will all live as friends and will never disturb your repose, only secure to us ours. Thou art free, Powhattan, if thou wilt fulfil these conditions."

The savage chief was softened by this speech.

Taking his hand, and tenderly throwing his left arm around his neck, he pressed his nose against that of Smith—a sign of the highest friendship. They now left the house. At the governor's command the prisoners were set free, and joy shone on Poccahontas's countenance. She fell down before their deliverer and embraced his knees, whilst tears of gratitude flowed down her cheeks; but Sir Edward raised her, and kindly taking her hand, said, "It is but a small return, for all thou hast rendered to us, to set thy father free."

Soon afterwards Powhattan and his daughter left James-town; but it was evident that the latter did so with reluctance, and that the affection with which she had hitherto regarded the white men and their leader was deepened by the generous conduct which Sir Edward had evinced.

The utmost joy as well as astonishment prevailed in the Indian encampment. The English governor's mode of action towards them, in setting an enemy free on whom he might have wreaked his vengeance, was quite incomprehensible; but the nobleness of the act made a serious impression upon them, and the bond of friendship with the English was confirmed by the council fire of the Oneida tribe. Jukka's rage was unbounded. All his plans were frustrated, and great as was the esteem in which he had been previously held, he saw that by his late act he had lost his reputation, and that the brand of the liar was upon him. In anger and despair he quitted the tribe, and fled to the river's source amongst the gloomy forests of the mountains.

The heart of Poccahontas beat more freely at his departure, for she was in constant fear of violence whilst the savage Jukka remained. The olive branch of peace was green and flourishing. The prosperity of the colony increased. The beaver hunt was a great accession to the settlers' riches, and their stores were full of American productions. They carried on a traffic with the Oneida Indians at the Niagara Falls, and each time returned with great profit. Poccahontas paid repeated visits to the new colony. The almost romantic friendship which, contrary to the instincts of savage life, she had formed for the English still continued, and was warmly reciprocated by the settlers. Even had motives of policy not dictated such a course, it would have been difficult to have witnessed unmoved the display, on the part of the Indian maiden, of a generosity and an elevation of sentiment which would have sat gracefully upon those who had been nurtured in the haunts of civilization.

A considerable time had elapsed since Sir Edward Smith had heard from home, and his sympathies as a husband and a father began to be powerfully stirred. He felt dissatisfied with his position; and neither the desire to fulfil his duty, nor the flourishing condition of the colony, could convince him that it was right for him to continue much longer at his post. Many a time he regretted the moment when he had been persuaded to leave his country and to conduct this hazardous enterprise, and still more frequently did he wish himself back with his dearest ones, his wife and his little children. But for the present it seemed necessary for him to remain at James-town. He felt that he could not, he dared not leave it; but it required

a strong resolution, when just before the approach of winter a vessel sailed for Plymouth, to overcome his longings for home.

In the mean time Jukka, who had been long absent from the tribe, found that distance had not lessened his envy or hatred. As the hawk which hovers over its prey, first in a wide and then in a narrower circle till it seizes it in its cruel claws, so Jukka lurked about James-town. Like the hyena thirsting for blood he lay in wait for his enemy, and only longed for the opportunity to pierce him to the heart. Jukka's was a revenge that knew no change, was capable of no abatement, was ever young and fresh. His highest hopes were built on the result of the autumn chase. The desired season came at last. The settlers, who were anxious to procure as much store as possible for the winter, daily went out hunting. They often met the Indians in their course, who however never interfered with them in any way. One day, Sir Edward took his rifle, and accompanying some of the best sportsmen, prepared to chase the deer. They had unusual success, and every one was in high spirits, for they had already secured a considerable booty, when one of the hunters saw a fine roe. With eagerness the whole party rushed in pursuit of it, when, just as they had reached a thicker part of the forest, an arrow whirled over their heads, wounding Smith in the side, though happily the injury was not mortal. Overcome with the pain, however, he fainted in Thornton's arms; and scarcely had the hunting party become aware of the wound of their leader, and beheld him senseless and to all appearance dead, than unhappily the utmost revenge and thirst for blood was awakened in them, and like tigers they rushed on all sides of the thicket to discover the perpetrator of this horrid deed. For some time their search was in vain, no sign of the presence of any human being was visible, and after a long and fruitless search they returned to the wounded governor, and expressed their wonder to Thornton that no trace of the murderer was to be discovered.

Thornton uttered an exclamation of impatience and disappointment on their return, and pointing in a certain direction, he said, "Know you so little of Indian craft, lads? The arrow came from thence, and yonder I will stake my skill lies hidden the wretch who aimed the treacherous dart."

Again the men started off in the direction to which Thornton pointed, and after a few moments the voices of ten of the seekers proclaimed their success.

"They have secured him," said Thornton, joyfully.

Another exclamation of triumph, and then a sound of a struggle in the thicket. "Surely," said Thornton, "the fellows have not let him escape!"

More firing ensued, and after the last report there was a shout of fierce joy.

"He has fallen," said Thornton; "and he has had his reward."

The suspense was short, and the hunters appeared with the body of the savage. A fatal bullet had pierced the revengeful Jukka.

"Hang him on the nearest tree," cried Thornton, "that the vultures may feed on his corpse."

They did as the old man commanded; and, the

ghastly execution concluded, Smith was carried home, where his wound was soon healed.

Not long after this event Poccahontas paid her usual visit to the settlement. It was plain to the governor and others that some terrible anxiety pressed on her mind. She was quiet and sorrowful, and more than once tears were perceived on her face. At length the secret was divulged. With deep emotion, she told him that Jukka's murder had been reported to the tribe, and that their secretly cherished hatred would ere long break out into open warfare.

"I have for long," she said, "endeavoured to repress the flame of ill-will in my father's heart against the English, but it is now no longer possible. As far as in me lies," she continued, "I will send you news of their movements."

Poccahontas shortly afterwards left James-town, and Sir Edward and the colonists immediately began preparation for defence. Powhattan, who had on the former occasion suspected that his daughter had secretly communicated the approaching attack to the English, from the state of preparation in which he had found them, was determined this time to be more wary in his proceedings, and Poccahontas little imagined how near the storm was of which she had given warning. Every preparation was made in secrecy, and but a short time before the invasion of the savages was their intention discovered. Poccahontas had been true to her promise. Swift as a bird in the air did she flee through the forest, cross the river, and bring Smith the terrible tidings that the Oneida tribe had joined their own against the colony. The captain found just sufficient time to take the necessary measures. Again were women and children hurried to the vessel. Poccahontas upon this occasion decided to remain with the settlers; a resolution which, considering the suspicion that her absence had probably awakened, Sir Edward did not consider it necessary strongly to combat. The English scouts brought news of the approach of the Indian army, and mustering in dark phalanx, they were ere long discovered in rapid advance. The settlers had doubtless the advantage in point of weapons and skill in war; but the Indians, on their side, had that fearless contempt of death, that boundless revenge and savage courage, which, with their superior numbers, rendered the victory on the side of the English a very improbable matter. Like a rock amidst the ocean waves stood the little company of white men. Their first fire considerably thinned the Indian ranks, but as it was impossible to withstand their stormy onset, Smith gave orders to retreat within the fortress, (their previous movements having taken place outside of it,) that they might be better able to parry the attack. Whilst leading his men thither, however, he fell, wounded. The settlers flew in terror and confusion, pursued by the Indians with their fearful whoop. Many a man sunk under the tomahawk ere they reached the fort. Then for the first time they missed their brave leader, and the resolution was unanimous, at all hazards, again to sally forth and seek him to whom they owed so much. In their savage joy at victory, the Indians little thought of the return of the English after their flight; it was with cries of terror, therefore, that they saw the little army rush

forth out of the fortress; and, believing its number doubled, they fled in consternation. The sword of the settlers cut down the Indians like grass, as they chased them far over the mountain. Many prisoners were brought back at evening, but the governor was still missing; not a trace of him could be discovered; and a universal lamentation was heard. Thornton could not rest. Ere day broke he called out the forces that remained, and urged on them their duty in seeking for their brave leader, and perhaps saving him from a horrid death.

Again they sallied forth to the camp of the Indians, whose defeat was total, and whose huts were burned to the ground, but Smith was not found; and sadly and wearily they retraced their steps to James-town, after a day and night of fruitless search, to bear the sad tidings that Smith had in all probability fallen into the hands of the Indians. Their apprehensions, however, were premature. Their leader had not thus fallen. Poccahontas had marked the issue of the strife, and, watching the opportunity of her countrymen's retreat from the field of action, had managed to convey him aside from the scene of the conflict so fatal to the settlers. After the first effects of Sir Edward's wound had so far passed away as to enable him to recover consciousness, she had partly guided him, partly sustained him, until they reached a fastness some distance from James-town; where, in a natural cavity formed in the rock, a place of shelter was gained. Bitter were Sir Edward's feelings at being thus separated, at a moment of the deepest anxiety, from his countrymen; but the danger of retracing his steps in the direction of James-town (for he was ignorant of the retreat of the Indians, which had occurred subsequent to his removal from the field of action,) was obviously too great to be attempted with safety, even had his wounds permitted him to do so. Poccahontas meanwhile was unremitting in her generous services: she had sought the healing herbs of the country for his wounds; gathered cooling fruits for his feverish frame; and, with true Indian skill, had obliterated all marks which might enable any of the wandering native tribes to discover the wounded man's retreat. In ignorance, however, like Sir Edward himself, of the true state of the late conflict, she had not ventured to seek for news at the settlement.

The fall of Sir Edward, during the attack on James-town, had not escaped the keen glance of Powhattan. After the flight, he perceived that Smith was not a prisoner, and that Poccahontas also was missing. He immediately forsook all thoughts of making a further assault on the settlers in order to seek the white chief and his child; but, at the moment his resolution was taken, he was prevented from carrying it out by an assembly of the tribe in council, which was about to meet. When, after a few days, however, an ambassador of peace came from the English, who believed Smith to be a prisoner in the Indian camp, and who desired to ransom him, a new and to his ferocious heart a delightful hope dawned. Still might the white chief fall under the knife of sacrifice—the man who had shed the best blood of his tribe, that of the adopted Jukka, and had apparently carried off the child of his old age! Frightful schemes of

vengeance were revolved in his mind, and lighted up his dim and aged eyes, which were sharp and fierce as the eagle's in the blue height. He chose the most experienced spies of his tribe, who were urged to discover, if possible, the hiding-place of the fugitives. The search was, however, for some time unavailing; and Powhattan, in his rage, stamped on the ground, and abused the spies whom a "woman's art could thus outwit." All, at last, were weary of the search. One Indian, however, more acute than the rest, had fancied that in the neighbourhood of a spring in the forest he had noticed the leaves slightly disturbed. He resolved, therefore, to watch the spot narrowly. Nor had his Indian instinct failed him. The spring was one to which Poccahontas had repaired to draw water for the invalid, whose wounds, under her humane attention, were fast being healed. The crafty Indian lay in his hiding-place all day, still as a tiger who waits for his prey, and immovable as the serpent ere he darts on his victim. The following morning, when the sun gilded the top branches of the evergreen oak, Poccahontas, as had been truly anticipated, was seen by the Indian from his retreat to glide to the well, and drawing the water, disappeared as the lightning flash. The eye of the cunning Indian followed her steps, and watched her disappearance amongst the thick bushes. He cared not to discover more. He observed the strictest silence in order to secure his safe retreat, and fled back to the source of the Cedar-creek, where Powhattan and the tribe were assembled.

The triumph which beamed on his countenance as he drew nigh told the tale of his success. He had found the wounded chief. Not a word—not the delay of a moment—not a look of consideration. The aged chief, heading a sufficient number of men, went, conducted by the scout, to the retreat among the rocks.

With astonishing secrecy and quiet the Indian approached the grotto. The spirit of Powhattan was visible in his whole mien; it was to be seen in the dark eye, the wrinkled brow, the closed lips. He spoke not a word; but these signs spoke more loudly and more fearfully than language.

A thrill of horror ran through Sir Edward for a moment, as he perceived himself discovered; Poccahontas was also speechless: in the next, she threw herself at the feet of her enraged father, supplicating pity upon the captive. Her entreaties, however, were in vain; a laugh of bitter scorn was the only reply; and in a few minutes the unfortunate prisoner, bound by the Indian, was on his way to their settlement, while Poccahontas followed disconsolately in the rear, the sullen looks of her people showing the dissatisfied feeling with which they regarded her kindness to the white men's chief.

WISE MAXIMS.

The Holy Spirit is the sole author and spring of all true delight, and of all real content within us.—*Barrow.*

Whatever it be, except the soul, that you are careful about, it has the condition only of an annuity for life.—*Venn.*

As the sails of a ship carry it into harbour, so prayer carries us to the throne and bosom of God.—*Toplady.*

SUNDAY LABOUR IN PARIS.

IN a late number of this serial we presented the reader with a brief sketch of the most prominent tokens of the spirit of sinful frivolity which characterizes the Sunday in Paris. To some of our readers, perhaps, it is probable that the picture which we then drew, so far from appearing repulsive, may have worn, on the contrary, rather an enticing aspect. The man who has no true reverence for the sabbath day, and no respect for its religious observance, based on religious obligation,—who habitually regards it merely as a holiday, a period of rest and recreation,—will probably applaud the system of government which not only tolerates, but encourages by example, the universal dissipation that *appears* to prevail; and he may perhaps, as multitudes have done, go further than that, and desire to live under it. But there is, be it remembered, a reverse to every medal, and shadows are to be found in every picture. We turn now to the dark side of the spectacle; and, viewing it from another point, it will be seen that no man who honestly desires to do as he would be done by would, independent of all religious considerations, be willing to purchase the pleasures of a Parisian Sunday at the same price which, taken in the aggregate, the Parisian population pays for it. In order to test this subject fairly, we must be allowed to append the shadows to the outline already sketched, and very briefly to glance at the subject of Sunday labour in the various localities of Sunday dissipation and frolic.

Our space will not allow us anything more than a cursory view, and we shall therefore confine ourselves to that very labour which is called into activity by the necessities of Sunday dissipation. The first thing which strikes a stranger in search of this kind of evidence is the number of shops which remain open or only partially closed on the Sunday. The shop of Paris, however, is a very different affair from that of London; as a general rule it is not half so pretentious, and consequently the fact of its being open or shut is not half so obtrusive as it is with us: but to him who seeks for it, the proof is plain enough, that by far the greater majority of those where articles of dress or personal adornments are fashioned or sold, are doing business to a late hour on the Sunday morning, and very many of them all day long, or at least until five or six o'clock. Tailors, milliners, dress-makers, embroiderers, and all similar classes, are at work in large numbers up to the middle of the day; and jewellers are invariably busy in the forenoon, as well in repairing as selling. The reason is obvious—the work is wanted, and must, such is the force of fashion and custom, be sent home in time for the afternoon's drive along the Boulevards, the promenade in the Tuileries, or, at the latest, in time for the dress-box at the theatre or the opera.

The next thing which assails one in the city itself, is the immense proportion of the houses appropriated to purposes of amusement or refreshment, or both—the *cafés*, *restaurateurs*, *traiteurs*, *estaminets*, wine-shops, etc., etc., etc., and the ten thousand billiard-rooms of all sorts and degrees, where resort men and boys of every craft and profession, from the man who shears poodles and

polishes your boots on the Pont Neuf to the count of the empire, who perhaps, it is not at all unlikely, sells him his blacking or his brushes or his shears. All these places require the services of a large number of attendants, who are literally fagging at their wearisome labour all day long, and in some places for hours after midnight. The Palais Royal alone demands the constant attendance of an army of functionaries of various grades and avocations. This spot, which is the centre of gaiety, of frivolous pleasure and expensive indulgence, is also a monster den of vice and debauchery, as well as the arena of literary progress and scientific research. The gaming-house, the lecture-room, and banquet are all crowded together under one roof; and all are populous with their several throngs of votaries, requiring the services of waiters without number, of croupiers and money-changers, of porters and messengers, whose retributive destiny it is *never* to know the luxury of a day of rest. The haggard woe-worn aspect of some of the older denizens of the gorgeous gambling saloons, in this hot-bed of miserable pleasure, affords alone a sufficient homily upon the destructive effects of incessant application, even to pursuits in favour of which all their predilections are enlisted.

If we leave the city and resort to the barriers, there is the same doleful accompaniment to the riotous mirth which prevails. The multitudes drudge and groan and sweat, in order that the residue may laugh and dance and sing. In addition to the waiters, of whom there is a numerous host ever on foot—and to the musicians, who are scarcely allowed a pause—we have here the poor moiling wretches who grind in gangs in the wooden whirlabouts—abject semi-human looking specimens, with locks of matted sandy thatch and blood-shot eyes, half-choked with dust, and plunging about with naked lacerated feet among the cross-beams that connect together the creaking fabric, upon which grey-haired respectability condescends to play the fool by way of example to his rising family, who participate in the sport. Then there are the groups of grimy labourers in ragged blouses, whose business it is to crane up again, to the lofty starting summit of the so-called Russian mountains, the ponderous wooden steeds upon which the pence-paying populace delight to rush, with the speed and roar of a cataract, down the rumbling declivity. A little further on we come upon another squad, black with gunpowder and sick with the flavour of it, who are, and have been all day, busy as bees in loading rifles, muskets, and pistols, for the accommodation of the amateurs of fire-arms, who find a supreme pleasure in committing imaginary murder upon a wooden doll. In the barriers too, and indeed in all the suburban districts of Paris, there are numberless exhibitions and spectacles to be seen for a trifle; shows, dramatic, gymnastic, mechanical, automatic, panoramic, and sometimes purely scientific; all of which work double and even treble tides on the Sunday, during the whole of which day it is inevitable but that all who are unfortunately connected with their management must be harassed with incessant labour.

We might go on enumerating the victims of the popular enjoyment, and could very easily multiply

these examples, were there any occasion for so doing; but we believe we have said enough to show that the exciting recreations of the thousands are purchased at least by the abject slavery of corresponding hundreds—and this consideration, we would fain imagine, is altogether sufficient to stamp the purchase in the estimation of our English workmen, who are proverbially fond of fair play and honest dealing, as a very bad and wretched bargain.

In the above remarks we have not, for obvious reasons, cited any religious considerations in reference to the subject; but we cannot refrain from pointing attention to one horrible enormity, which nothing but the utter absence of even the slightest religious sentiment among the lower orders of the population can account for. We allude to the infamous orgies of torture practised at the animal fights at the Barrier Saint Martin and elsewhere. At these haunts of horror and cold-blooded atrocity, cruelty is a fanaticism and frantic barbarity runs riot. Here miserable animals, savage by nature, and furious through hunger and ill-treatment, are confined in dens from one year's end to another, in order to furnish sport by the exhibition of their agonies. Tortures conceived by an ingenuity truly diabolical, which it is horrible to a humane man to witness, and which it would even be disgraceful to describe, are here perpetrated in cold blood for the sake of gain! And mark! this dreadful saturnalia of barbarity is almost exclusively a sabbath-day spectacle. It is true that, on other days, any party who may choose to pay for it can be indulged with five francs' worth of helpless agony; but, on Sunday, the population flock in crowds, and for a few pence riot in the luxury of animal torture. How a people, so pre-eminent for personal bravery as the French, can descend to the encouragement of a pastime so execrable and so thoroughly dastardly, it is difficult to conceive. But one thought recurs forcibly to my mind: it is the *dark* places of the earth which are full of the habitations of cruelty; and where the light of God's sabbath has been blotted out of the moral atmosphere by the contempt and desecration of centuries, in utter scorn of God's command, there we must look, if anywhere, for such horrors as these. Is there no connexion, think you, between the woes of France and her violated sabbaths?

CURIOSITIES OF LONDON LIFE.

BOB, THE MARKET-GROOM.

It is impossible to pay much attention to the study of the popular character, as it is so variously developed among the very lowest ranks of society, without occasionally recognising among them that force of determination and persevering energy which, when it characterizes men in the higher and educated classes, leads them on to fortune and reputation. There is an order of minds who under any circumstances will act for themselves; they are the moral antitheses of those drones of society who are always waiting for something to *turn up* in their favour. The men of action have no appetite for waiting at all, and no very particular relish perhaps for anything that turns up. They are, in a sense, artificers of their own fortune, and they love

the fruits of their own labour far better than any unearned luxuries doled out to them from the rich man's table. The observer of manhood, who has not seen this spirit exemplified in the very lowest grade of industrial life, has not thoroughly studied his subject. These remarks may serve, perhaps not inappropriately, to introduce the out-of-door history of Bob, (we do not know his patronymic,) the market-groom.

It must be eight or nine years ago, since we first encountered Bob, in ——— street, Covent-garden, in one of our early morning rambles. Who he was, or where he came from, we never knew. On his first appearance, he was a grimy, half-starved little tatterdemalion, without a shirt, a shoe, or a hat, and with six months' growth of matted raven hair, through the lank and thatchy locks of which a pair of vivid eyes flashed from as pallid and hungry a face as ever child of eleven years of age bared to an adverse destiny. He seemed as if just dropped from some forlorn planet into a world of strangers, amongst whom he looked wildly and eagerly around—not for favour or the relief of alms, but for work—work, and bread, though but a crust, in return. We marked his constant and earnest applications for employment of any sort, at any wage, and his utter insensibility to rebuke and rebuff, however violently and abusively bestowed. Through the mud, rain, fog, sleet, and slush of the dark winter mornings, with bare feet and unsheltered head, he toiled and moiled, and tugged and laboured, for the chance of a penny, the price of his breakfast, for which he often waited many a weary hour, hungering patiently beneath a wintry sky. Unlike his numerous congeners—the ragged tribes who frequent the market, and rove from one point to another in search of a job whenever it may offer—the boy had the sense to confine his exertions to one locality, where, in the course of a few months, his unbroken good temper and unwearying willingness earned him a welcome, and procured him employment. From being a sort of butt upon whom the dealers expended their small wit, he grew by degrees into a favourite, and by some unaccountable means actually got into a pair of serviceable hob-nailed Bluchers before the winter was over; and having had his hair cut by a charitable barber, who did it for nothing, on the jocose condition that Bob should carry off the whole crop in his basket, so that room might be left in his shop for succeeding customers; and having then invested sixpence in a jaunty cap, cocked knowingly on one side of his head—he came out in a new character. The hungry look had vanished from his face, and given place to a merry one; and his activity, upon which there were now more demands, was greater than ever. He improved in looks, and in circumstances too, rapidly: the genial spring and summer atmosphere of the market, and the early rising which his calling enforced, agreed with him so well, that before the gooseberries were all gone a shirt positively sprouted out from under his new fustian waistcoat.

Bob, finding by this time that he had got a character for honesty, and feeling no doubt that he deserved it, wisely resolved to turn it to the best account. In the course of his market experience he had observed the necessity which the

dealers, green-grocers, retailers, and costers were under of leaving their carts in the streets, sometimes at a great distance from the market, while they were absent negotiating their purchases. This practice, though unavoidable, was attended with risk and damage, from want of supervision, and often too from the wanton mischief or dishonesty of the urchins left in charge of the vehicles. Having duly conned the matter over in his mind, Bob all at once started in a new speculation. He abandoned his various functions of fetcher and carrier and supernumerary porter, began a canvass among all the traders frequenting his side of the market, to the whole of whom he was personally known, offering to take charge of their vehicles during their absence, and to guarantee the security of their stock, for the smallest mentionable charge per head. The tried character of the lad, and his known kindness to animals whom he could not help instinctively fondling, soon procured him plenty of customers; and he was in a few days regularly installed in office as the custodian of the horse and ass-drawn chariots of the market.

Thus it was that Bob became groom of the market, a profession, be it observed, which he built up for himself, and in which, though he has now many imitators and rivals, he has no compeer. He is to Covent-garden, or at least to one of the many arteries branching from it, what the waterman is to the cab-stand. He may be seen before dawn all the year round busy at his vocation. No sooner does the first cart drive up, though the sun is yet an hour below the horizon, than he is on the spot to receive the whip from the hand of the owner. He shoulders the whips as the symbol of his authority, and marches under a complete fogot of them by the time the traffic has fairly set in. When a dealer has completed his purchases, and wants to be off, all he has to do, is to shout with lusty lungs, "Yo ho, Bob!" and in an instant you may see the long whip-lashes streaming horizontally through the air as Bob answers the cry and hurries towards his patron. The whips are all marked with the names of the owners, and as Bob has learnt to read at the Sunday school, and knows them pretty well from long acquaintance, but little time is lost in finding the right owner of each.

The reader is not to imagine that the subject of our sketch enjoys anything like a sinecure. If it were a sinecure, we have a suspicion that it would not suit him at all. It is something very much the contrary. In the first place, he has to exercise a constant surveillance to see that the army of donkeys, horses, and ponies do not get out of the rank and block up the way, which must be left free on either side; and this requires his frequent presence in all parts of his domain. In the next place, when fruit is ripe, it is tempting to juvenile palates, and there is a young gang of smugglers continually on the look-out for contraband pippins or unsentinelled gooseberries; against these Bob plays the part of the preventive service, and sometimes (we have seen him do it) leads them gently out of temptation by the ear. Then again, donkeys, who have, unfortunately for Bob, no moral principles, are very much given to munching one another's turnips, or the turnips of one another's masters, which is very much the same

thing; and it must be confessed, that as they sometimes stand for hours together, each with his head in his neighbour's cart—the carts being well loaded with fruit or vegetables—the temptation may well be more than untaught donkeyhood can stand. Over these Bob has to keep a vigilant eye, and to teach them the virtues of abstinence and self-denial. In this task he is seen to exercise a praiseworthy patience. Though armed with fifty whips, he is never known to beat an animal; he may be seen now and then polishing the sleek ear of a pet "moke" with the cuff of his coat, but never ill-using one. His admonitory ejaculation, of "Ha! would you?" launched at the head of an offender, is sufficient to bring the most predatory beast among them to a temporary sense of honesty. From a long and intimate acquaintance with his long-eared friends, he knows well enough those upon whom he can rely, and he will locate them, if possible, accordingly. A brute, naturally unprincipled, upon whom admonition is thrown away, finds himself drawn up with his nose against the tail of a tall wagon, where, like many a hiped correspondingly situated, he is virtuous from necessity; or, wanting this convenience, Bob will envelop his head in an empty nose-bag, through which he would find it a difficult matter to make a surreptitious meal upon his neighbour's cabbages. Our hero thinks no trouble too great which tends to the improved performance of his function, and the consequence is that he reaps credit, and ready money too, from performing it well.

Bob has grown in stature as years have rolled over his head: from a miserable starveling and friendless child, pinched in stomach and stunted in growth, he is transformed into a decent, well-spoken, and responsible man, known and trusted by hundreds, and dependent on no one for the comforts of life. Poor, indeed, he is—and poor, in one sense of the word, he is likely to remain. It is but little that is to be got by turning out of bed an hour or two after midnight, and playing the part of gentleman usher to a caravanserai of horses and asses, up to the hour when portly respectability sits down to coffee, eggs, breakfast bacon and the morning paper—little indeed—a handful of coppers at the most; but if competence is won by it—if independence is won by it—if a clear conscience and a contented mind are retained under it—and if a love for God's dumb creation is gratified and cherished by it—it may be worth the doing, in spite of the sneers of the overwise.

THE VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA.

THE following brief record of a five months' life at sea is in substance gleaned from the "Diary of a Voyage to Australia," by the Rev. J. D. Mereweather, M.A. At the present moment it has a special interest.

Mr. Mereweather joined the ship at Gravesend on the 30th of January, 1850, and immediately introduced himself to the emigrants; whom, from a sense of duty, he considered his parishioners so long as they should be afloat together. They gladly accepted the tender of his services as a clergyman; and he performed daily the service proposed—reading prayers every evening, and preaching on deck

on Sundays when the weather permitted. He describes the accommodations on board as none of the best: the married steerage passengers being subjected, by the inexcusable arrangement of the charterers of the ship, to the intrusion of reckless young men at all hours. He advises every man, who seeks a passage for himself and family, to be as particular as possible in his contract with the ship-broker, and to look to the character of the vessel in which he sails, as many old and second-rate ships are sent upon the voyage.

The vessel weighed anchor at Gravesend, at one in the afternoon of February 1st, and cast anchor again at six o'clock at the Nore. Next morning, the agent of the Prayer Book and Homily Society came on board, and sold Bibles to the emigrants, whom he exhorted, and left books of prayers and homilies with Mr. Mereweather for their use. In the afternoon, the captain's wife came on board—a personage whom the writer considers indispensable on board an emigrant ship; and he further suggests that every ship chartered for female emigration only should be officered by married men.

After being detained one day off Margate, by contrary winds, they attempted on the 4th to pass the South Foreland, but were driven back, and lay at anchor off Deal. On the evening of the 5th, a terrible gale set in from the north-west; they had to let go another anchor; the howling of the wind, and the mad rush of the waves continued increasing all night, and the roar of the breakers upon the Goodwin sands to the leeward was most distinctly heard. The gale did not abate till the afternoon of the 6th, when it was discovered that one of the anchors had slipped, and that they had ridden out the gale with one only. On the 7th, a Deal boat came alongside, bringing Lloyd's agent, who reminded the captain of the necessity of a new anchor to save his insurance. The anchor was bought, and 11*l.* was paid to a Deal boatman for bringing it to the ship—a distance of two miles.

The vessel lay ten days in the Downs, when a fair wind on the 12th sent her on her way, much to the joy of the emigrants, who were losing heart by lying so long at anchor. Mr. Mereweather now opened a school for the children, which one of the female passengers volunteered to superintend. They were eight days in beating down the channel, and on the 20th took in a pilot for Plymouth, who brought them within the Breakwater at daybreak on the 21st. The emigrants, half starved from sea-sickness, gladly rushed ashore, where many of them indulged in excesses, and returned on board on the evening of the 23rd in a state of disgusting intoxication. One was committed to prison for assaulting the police, and Mr. M. had to intercede with the magistrate to procure his liberation. A number of fresh passengers now poured into the ship.

They weighed anchor at daybreak on Sunday the 24th, with fair weather—the ship swarming with her new denizens, clustering round her sides and taking a last look at their native soil, and many of the women weeping. In the evening, Mr. M., after prayers, addressed the new arrivals, and secured their concurrence in the plan he had hitherto pursued. The next day, they were past the Lizard point—the sea calm, and the emigrants, to the number of nearly a hundred and twenty, all

on deck amusing themselves, the men with sports and the women with needlework—many well-dressed and respectable people among them, voyaging as steerage passengers. On the 26th, they were between Scilly and Ushant, the weather rougher and the new comers very sick. The surgeon discovers that some of the children have the ringworm, and he inexorably shaves their heads.

On the 3rd of March, a gale sprung up from the north-east, with a heavy sea. Dead lights were closed, cabins darkened, and there were no prayers. Amidst the discomforts of the gale, at ten o'clock at night, there was an alarm of fire. The drunken steward had fallen asleep with a pipe in his mouth, and set his bed on fire; the smell alarmed the inmates of the next cabin, who rushed in, dragged him forth, and extinguished the fire. The gale continued all next day, everything was rolling about, and Mr. M., among other agreeables, has a dish of roast meat pitched into his lap. The gale subsides on the 6th, and the duties of the school are resumed, with the cordial concurrence of the parents. On the 7th, a child of five years old is found dead in its berth. At noon, Mr. Mereweather, surrounded by the captain and officers, bareheaded, performs the burial service, and the body is committed to the deep: "no games on deck, or frolicking about to-day."

On the 8th, they pass Madeira, twenty miles on the left, and whales are seen, spouting occasionally. On the 10th (Sunday), the sky being cloudless and the sea tranquil, there is a solemn service on deck; a reading desk is rigged up and covered with the union jack, the captain, officers, crew, and emigrants all attending.

On the 14th, the vessel gets into the trade winds, which will take her to within five or ten degrees of the line. A bird of the parrot species dropped exhausted on the awning. Petrels, small grey birds about the size of a thrush, were seen skimming the waves, and shoals of flying fish bounding in the air. At night, the sea appears a mass of fire. "We seemed floating over an abyss of liquid flame in never-ceasing motion; and the monsters of the deep, as they rushed past, appeared garbed with fire, and left behind them a track of golden light." On the 19th, they were within ten degrees of the equator, the weather very hot, with magnificent sunset in the evening; porpoises sporting round the ship, flying fish darting about with incredible velocity, and a train of petrels following in their wake. Emigrants dancing to the sound of flute and violin, or listening in groups to one reading aloud.

March 21. In latitude 6° north; thermometer 84° in the cuddy. A child was born on board. At night, a quarrel between the doctor and some of the passengers, who were resolved upon sleeping on deck; the captain refused to interfere, and the recusants had their own way: some of them, from their conduct, evidently thorough miscreants; strict discipline sadly wanted on board. March 22. Many of the passengers complain of missing their property: the married steerage passengers of a very mixed class—some wretchedly poor, running from the workhouse; and others ruined tradesmen, running from their creditors; others are respectable mechanics. The unmarried are made up of prodigal sons, drinking the cup of humiliation—

vagrants exported by charity—navvies going out to the Burra mine—and London thieves going out on speculation.

March 23. Rose at six . . . saw an enormous fish swimming astern, attended by two pilot fish . . . now dashing in advance of him, and then retreating into him or under him. . . . The monster was a flat fish of enormous width, with huge side fins, and, strange to say, no traces of a head. The boatswain drove a harpoon through his back; but he leaped out of the water, shook the weapon out, and got away. The sailors called it a whip-ray.

March 27. A hot sun, with a refreshing breeze; the sun vertical at noon, and the people puzzled to know what had become of their shadows. A shark caught, and very speedily cooked and eaten with pepper.

March 29. Crossed the line about noon. Some wag bawled out that the line was in sight, and men, women, and children tumbled up on deck to see it.

March 30. "Saw the Southern Cross—was much disappointed with it. I should hardly have noticed it, if it had not been so celebrated in verse and prose."

April 1. Clothes, books, keys, knives, and razors incredibly damp, mildewed, and rusty. *April 4.* A smart breeze: about half-past one in the morning the main topmast came down with a tremendous crash, bringing with it the mizen topmast, and the fore top-gallant mast. The deck a scene of hopeless wreck and confusion: the carpenter busy in preparing a new mast. The captain a well-mannered man on shore, but a swearing tyrant at sea.

April 10. In latitude 22° south, longitude 23° east; they had lost the trades, and got a foul wind with a heavy sea; the jigger boom was carried away, and the jib blown out of the ropes; the ship making water, the pumps out of order, and the carpenter ignorant of his trade. On the 12th, a child still-born, the mother doing well. On the 15th, albatrosses, mollymawks, cape hens, cape pigeons, and stormy petrels following the ship; the albatross is an enormous bird, white or grey, measuring sometimes twelve feet from the tip of one wing to another, with a yellow beak of immense power. It is a bird of prey, and though it never

"Perches on mast or shroud,
Nor any day
For food or play
Comes to the mariner's hollo,"

the sailors catch it without hesitation, and eat it without repugnance.

April 22. The emigrants are by this time tired of their voyage; their private stores being nearly consumed, they complain the more of the ship's provisions. The more careful ones might now sell their stores if they chose at an exorbitant price; but they prefer consuming them: but very few of them have been provident. On the 23rd, it is discovered that the emigrants' oil is running short, and the lamps cannot be kept up at night; irregularities ensue in consequence, and the demoralization consequent upon a long voyage becomes apparent. On the 24th, an albatross is caught by means of a hook baited with pork; though measuring ten feet between the tips of the wings, yet, when skinned, it is not much bigger than a goose; it resembles rabbit in taste. On the 28th, a heavy

sea running—the emigrants tumbling about and bruising themselves badly. On the 29th, a thumping baby born, weighing ten pounds and three-quarters; and more albatrosses caught.

May 1. In longitude 8° east, latitude 39° south. At eight in the morning the wind shifted round with the rapidity of lightning, throwing everything in confusion: a heavy sea and a head wind. Next day, still foul weather—no sun, and no reckoning to be got; a poor fellow breaks three ribs by a fall through the motion of the ship; a fight, forward, between two young men on account of a female.

May 4. Off the Cape of Good Hope. About five in the afternoon, a worthy lad, the son of a widow, was hurled into the sea from the mizen mast by a heavy roll of the ship. Two buoys were thrown out to him, but he missed them both through the violence of the sea. Four men leaped into the life-boat, but the tackle being rotten broke, and they were plunged into the water; with great difficulty they were drawn up with ropes, but the boat was lost. Three of them immediately volunteered to go in another boat to rescue the poor boy, but their labour was in vain, too much time had been lost; they continued the search for half an hour, when they returned to the ship, just as it was growing dark. The boy was seen after he fell from the ship, striking out with one hand, and endeavouring to scare away with the other the ravenous birds which were swooping over his head. The captain offered no word of encouragement to the poor fellows who had risked their lives to save their comrade. The following day was Sunday, when Mr. M. read the burial service before the morning sermon; and in the evening addressed the people on the subject of the catastrophe.

May 7. Still violent weather; the scuttles leaking and the emigrants' beds saturated with water, and many rising in the morning with severe colds.

May 9. In longitude 35° east, latitude 38° south. "A heavy westerly gale all day. Dead lights up, and sea running in mountains. At one A. M., during a thunderstorm, the main brace slipped out of the block with a terrible whiz. At eight the main royal was blown to pieces; at half-past nine the main royal mast was carried away, and two poor fellows who were on it miraculously escaped destruction. This is the third main royal mast we have lost already. Lent my cloak at night to two young women to sleep on—their mattress reeking."

May 12. Fine weather, and being Sunday, service on deck. "Talked at great length to a young and pretty girl whom a gang of unprincipled fellows on board are trying to seduce into infidelity. . . . The poor girl is in the same mess with them, and has difficulty in escaping their importunities."

May 18. A sailor caught three albatrosses in fifteen minutes. They are so greedy (*gy*. hungry) that they will seize a hook baited with a bit of red rag.

May 20. Mr. M. gets at the history of one of the emigrants, the substance of which is as follows. He had been employed in youth in the stables of a gentleman in Ireland, where he had acquired dissipated habits, and committed a crime for which he was discharged. He was reduced by degrees to such distress as to be forced to beg his bread in the streets of London. One evening, weary,

hungry, and penniless, he was admitted to lodge in one of the Refuges for the Destitute. In the morning, two gentlemen who were observing the poor people departing from the Refuge, interrogated him as to his past history; and appealing to the public on his behalf, through the medium of a morning paper, raised sufficient funds to fit him out and pay 15*l.* for his passage to Australia. He said his benefactors belonged to the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*. When he left London, he was emaciated, weak, and almost blind; he was now stout and strong, and had quite recovered his sight. His behaviour on board was irreproachable, and he was anxious to testify his gratitude to his deliverers. He could get no work in England, but in Australia he would obtain four or five shillings a day.

May 23. In longitude 74° east, expecting soon to pass St. Paul's Island. The people by this time heartily tired of their voyage, having been on board and living on salt provisions since January. Most of them have nothing but water to drink; many are getting pale, meagre, and irritable; others slovenly and neglectful of themselves and children; and others are gambling for high stakes—all showing the demoralizing tendency of a long voyage, with absence of regular employment.

May 25. The weather rough; "had a sea into my cabin. The people, as they come aft from the cook's galley, get thrown down by the heavy rolls of the ship, and lose their dinners;" they manifest an unaccountable prejudice against the soup.

May 26 (Sunday). Weather too rough for service on deck; prayers read below. A little boy, the brother of the one who died before, is fast sinking, through the long voyage and the rough food.

June 1. The boatswain harpooned several porpoises, which were cut up. Under their skin is a coating of blubber, and under that the flesh, resembling beef, which the sailors cut into steaks, and pronounce excellent. *June 2.* A bright warm day; morning service on deck, with a numerous and attentive congregation. In the afternoon, the emigrants promenading the deck in their best clothes.

June 6. A terrible gale all day, in the midst of which the poor boy died. The vessel lay to under double-reefed topsails and staysail; the sea one mass of wild foam, the billows undistinguishable, and the spray dashing all around, so that it is impossible to leave the cabin. The people below heedless of the storm, but grumbling that their dinners are not cooked: the gale awful, but the ship doing admirably: the sea, sky, and winds all mixed together in mad demoniac confusion, producing a chaos to the eye and the ear. The cuddy full of water all day. Next day the gale moderated, and the foresail was set. At noon the burial service was read over the poor boy. In the middle of it a sea broke over the deck, and nearly swept away the officiating group. Off Cape Lenwin.

June 11. Approaching Australia. The school children are assembled, and receive books according to their deserts; the parents grateful for the service rendered them. *June 12.* "The married people complain that the young men who have an enclosed cabin in their part of the ship invite unmarried men from the forepart of the vessel

to pass the evening with them, and that they make much noise. The cabin is so situated that it is necessary to pass through the whole length of the saloon to get to it."

June 13. The first mate thought he saw land, but it was an illusion. The people excited at the idea of landing. At night, the sea a blaze of phosphoric light, and a shoal of porpoises plunging round the ship, darting along like phantoms of fire.

June 14. In sight of Kangaroo Island—the coast, high, rocky, and undulating. It is said that there is so much iron-stone in this island that the needle of the compass will not traverse there. In the afternoon, the vessel sails up the Gulf of St. Vincent, on which Adelaide is situated, and the Troubridge shoals are passed before dark. The climate delicious, though it is the depth of winter. The second mate says he has sold 100*l.* worth of ale, porter, and wine during the voyage, all of which was paid for in cash. There is a great deal of money among the emigrants, one man bringing 500*l.* with him.

June 15. A glorious sunrise. The coast on the right, a low tract of land extending about seven miles inland, and bounded by a range of lofty and picturesque hills; the climate delicious, finer than that of Italy in winter. "At three in the afternoon we got abreast of the 'light ship,' an old French whaler. . . . Soon after a steamer took us in tow, and towed us up the river Torrens to Port Adelaide, a confused collection of buildings in a swamp at the edge of the water. Adelaide lies about seven miles inland, at the base of the hills. During the day, I was much gratified by receiving a letter of thanks, signed by nearly all the passengers."

June 16, (Sunday). "Went to the church at Port Adelaide to return thanks to Almighty God for having extended his fostering protection over me during a long and perilous voyage. Many of the emigrants accompanied me. For one hundred and thirty-eight days we had been exposed to the chances of lightning and tempest; to plague, pestilence and famine; but He, of his mercy, had delivered us from them all."

The following are extracts from a letter recently received from the writer of the Diary above epitomized. The letter is dated Melbourne, and was written in February last.

My dear Sir,

. I cannot refrain from writing you some particulars of the social change which the discovery of gold is rapidly effecting in Victoria. For a short time after (the discovery of the gold fields), all business was at a stand-still in Sydney and the chief towns, owing to the rush which was made to the diggings. But Sydney soon recovered her population, from the facts that the gold fields are at a considerable distance from Sydney, and much privation had to be endured from cold and the absence of all food except what the diggers could take with them, as well as from the uncertainty of remuneration. But, about September last, the precious metal was found in large quantities at a place called Ballarat, south-west of Melbourne about 60 miles. The effect of this news was the speedy disappearance of nearly all

the male population. Shops were shut, legitimate business was despised, and one thought alone—gold—usurped the attention of every one. But the gold at Ballarat seemed at last exhausted: numbers came back weary and ill to their occupations, and things again assumed a healthy aspect. But, in November last, a gold field was found at Mount Alexander, 68 miles north of Melbourne, which seems inexhaustible in fertility and boundless in extent. When I visited that locality, in November, about 3000 people were working there. . . . One prominent feature of this gold field is, that every one who chooses to work there is successful. No one makes less than 1*l.* a day, while many have made 1600*l.* in three months. You can hardly find a labouring man who has been at the diggings who is not worth 100*l.* . . . I knew an instance of a digger who, after paying his bill at an inn, threw the girl who waited an ounce of gold for herself. . . . There are men of the lowest stamp who are worth 1000*l.* or 1500*l.* Not a week since, seeing a crowd round the door of a shop, I went to see what was the matter. I found that a party of three men had just brought in a lump of the finest gold, weighing 28 lbs. 7 oz. troy. It was immediately sold for 1400*l.* Such prizes account for the massive golden stirrups which a bushman ordered a goldsmith to make for him about six weeks ago; and for the costly velvet mantillas and delicate French bonnets, which brawny women have put on over their dirty gowns, that they might tramp up and down the chief street in heavy walking boots, and attract notice as the female representatives of the new aristocracy. You would hardly imagine the social and commercial convulsion which has ensued on this gold finding. The neighbouring colonies of South Australia and Tasmania have been almost depopulated as regards the labouring classes. Land and houses in Adelaide have at present only a nominal value; the colony is on the verge of ruin. Burra Burra shares are fallen from 250*l.* to 30*l.* in consequence of the miners having left. A gentleman there, whom I well know, has been deserted by his five men-servants. His eldest daughter is acting as cook, his second as housemaid. In Melbourne matters are as bad. Although a population is pouring in at the rate of 3000 to 4000 a week, there is no available labour, all being at the diggings. Prices have already risen, and house-rents too are rising enormously. Thus, the gold fields are inflicting great injury on persons of limited income. Many government clerks and professional men have assured me that they cannot pay their way at the high price of necessities. . . . Before long, the English Government will discover that Victoria is by far the most important of her colonies; and then I hope that there may be sent out a governor of high standing, who will have talents enough to discover its boundless resources, and energy enough to develop them. . . .

Yours, very faithfully,

JOHN DAVIES MEREWETHER.

*** Our readers, who are in danger of being captivated by the above statements, will do well to remember that a reaction has since set in, and that numbers of the labourers referred to have returned to their ordinary work from want of success in gold digging. To all who are in danger of being

led away by the gold mania, we recommend a serious perusal of the information given in No. 35 of the "Leisure Hour" of 26th August last.

THE LATE WILLIAM LENNIE, OF EDINBURGH.

THE Edinburgh newspapers lately contained an intimation of the death of Mr. William Lennie, formerly a teacher of English (as it is termed) in that city. The name of this worthy old gentleman, however, is known far beyond the limits of Scotland, by his valuable English grammar—a manual which has had a circulation little inferior in point of extent, we should suppose, to that of Lindley Murray itself. Of late years, it has to a certain extent been superseded by more recent compositions; but it has many qualities of a permanently excellent character, which will, for some time at least, secure it an existence, now that its author is no more. It is not, however, with Mr. Lennie as a grammarian that we occupy our pen; nor is it any biography of him even that we mean to attempt. As a pupil at his school, however,

"In the days when George the Third was king,"

memory has unlocked its cells, and recalled the recollection of his harmless eccentricities, which we find ourselves half unconsciously committing to paper. They will be read with interest, perhaps, by many who are familiar with the name of Mr. Lennie, as the individual through whom they first were made acquainted with the charms of syntax and prosody.

Well do we recollect the day when, some five and thirty years ago, we were, with blubbing eyes, left alone in Mr. Lennie's antechamber—an urchin of some five years or so. Cunningly did the old gentleman soothe our sorrows, and strew flowers upon the thorny paths of learning on which we had that morning entered, by exhibiting to our wondering eyes a collection of juvenile coloured pictures; and then, when we had admired them till we were tired, introducing us to our future school. Mr. Lennie's establishment was in Nicholson-street, adjoining the Edinburgh University, and situated up some three flights of stairs. In a moderately-sized room, cheerfully lighted and overlooking the Edinburgh riding-school, about seventy or eighty pupils were assembled and taught the elementary parts of education, previously to their being advanced to other schools where the Latin language was taught.

We have often, in after life, admired the wisdom with which Mr. Lennie, at a time when those modern systems of education that divest teaching of many of the harsh and rugged features which it was wont to bear, were comparatively unknown—we have often admired, we say, the skill by which he contrived to interest the children under his charge, by giving them school books which were pleasant to read, as well as useful manuals of instruction. Thus, the delightful story of Sandford and Merton, in an abridged form, was read in school; an edition of it having been prepared by Mr. Lennie himself. He composed many little school books indeed, besides his Grammar; a large room in his house, which on certain rare occasions we were

permitted to have access to, being piled up with them, and appearing to our youthful imagination a very mountain of learning.

One of the first lessons which we boys were taught by our venerable pedagogue was, that he had eyes at the back of his head; so that if we attempted to talk when he, as we thought, was not looking at us, we would be sure to be found out. But what Mr. Lennie meant figuratively, we took literally, and often and often do we remember examining the back of the worthy gentleman's cranium, and wondering where the eyes in question could possibly be situated. Mr. Lennie was not a severe master, though a good disciplinarian. He, however, did not ignore the *tawse*, as some modern systems do. The *tawse*, he it known to the English schoolboy—for to a Scotch one the term is unhappily far too familiar from practical experience to require explanation—is the substitute in northern schools for the birch-rod. Mr. Lennie's *tawse* were—judging at all events from boyish recollections—a very formidable article, made of black leather, divided at the end into many thongs, with small knots at each extremity. They were, however, on the whole sparingly used; their application being limited solely to the palms of the hand. Mr. Lennie was wont to indulge himself in a somewhat novel mode of applying this punishment—apparently intended to support the aforesaid theory of double vision; for when a knot of boys would be quietly speaking behind his back, the *tawse* would be flung into the midst of them, with the command that the boy who was talking should bring them up to him. As whoever touched the dangerous missile was sure to get a flogging when he took them back to the master, the honour of carrying them was carefully declined, and politely left by one culprit to the other, until a second command to “bring these *tawse*” issued in the self-accused criminal gathering them up and marching forward to receive them “on his loof.” Mr. Lennie was also, like the celebrated Busby of Westminster School, in the habit of extending the use of the “*tawse*” to other classes of the community beside his scholars. Vividly we remember the astonishment of an old collector for some public charitable institution, when, calling with a receipt for a subscription, he was found to have made an error in the amount; Mr. Lennie required him to hold out his hand and receive his “palmies.” Even now, after the lapse of thirty years, we seem to see again the look of wonder—half joke, half serious—with which the old man held out his hand, and received the blow from the *tawse* which forthwith descended upon it. “What a strange man this is!” we dare say he would have exclaimed with the Frenchman whom Busby had whipped: “he whips you, he whips me, and he whips all the world.”

One other instance, in which Mr. Lennie extended the benefits of his *tawse* to persons over whom he had no proper academical authority, is also recalled to our mind now with mirth, although at the time of its occurrence the emotions it caused in the school were anything but mirthful. An adjoining school had long carried on a warfare with Mr. Lennie's pupils—something in the fashion of those *bickers* which Sir Walter Scott has so felicitously described as prevailing among

the urchins of his younger days. After some rather warm conflicts, a truce had been concluded by the belligerents, and high courtesies were exchanged between the youthful leaders on both sides. So very amicable did our opponents become, that upon one king's birthday, when they had received a half-holiday and our school had not been so favoured, two of the leaders in the *bickers* aforesaid gallantly undertook to wait upon Mr. Lennie, and crave the favour of his granting us a half-holiday also. It was a memorable day. News of the intended embassy to our master had reached our ears; breathlessly did we listen to the knock at the door, which intimated the ambassadors' arrival; breathlessly too did we listen as we heard them ushered along the passage into one of the back rooms of the establishment, where we boys never dared to penetrate; and more anxiously still did we behold Mr. Lennie, in obedience to the intimation that “somebody wanted him,” leave the school-room. Never doubting the success of our chivalrous friends, we had already packed up our books in anticipation of the holiday; already had we planned out a happy afternoon, when hark! the footsteps of our excellent master are heard hastily returning. He opens the school-room door—looks hastily about his table—when, lo! instead of saying, “Boys, you may have a half-holiday to-day,” he exclaims, “Where are the *tawse*?”—and, having found them, left the apartment. “Where are the *tawse*?” What an extraordinary question! what connexion have they with the subject of the half-holiday? Alas! the well-known sound of their inflection upon the palm greets our ears; the young ambassadors have been well whipped, and sent ignominiously away. In justice to Mr. Lennie, we can only suppose that he had concluded that the boys had come upon this apparently friendly errand with the intention of leading our school into another *bicker*, and that he judged it necessary to crush the incipient warfare by the stern application of the *tawse*. Some of Mr. Lennie's other punishments were a little eccentric; but we will let a veil fall over his foibles in this respect.

Mr. Lennie's rewards were rather infinitesimal in their quantity. No books, or prizes of any kind, were given; but their places were supplied by two bags—the one red and the other green. The former was produced on ordinary occasions, and contained a few plain carraway comfits of the smallest size. When a class had gone through their lessons remarkably well, one of these carraways was given to each boy, with some words from our excellent preceptor upon their high quality, and our extraordinary good fortune in being honoured to receive them. So much did we value Mr. Lennie's commendation, that though the smallest copper coin might have supplied nearly the whole school with the quantity of them which Mr. Lennie distributed in a week, yet the reception of a single one of them was reckoned a high accomplishment, and was greatly prized. The green bag was produced, however, only upon very great occasions. It contained real veritable sugar almonds, and its contents were distributed only to a limited and select circle, whose literary attainments had been found to be of a high order. Well did Mr. Lennie know how to enter into the feelings of a boy. He knew, in short, how at the proper

season to become a boy himself, without losing his dignity. Occasionally he gave us jokes ;

"And then we laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes—for many a joke had he."

When, during a hot summer day perhaps, he perceived that the attention of his school relaxed, he would suspend the task of learning for a few minutes, and repeat something which made the boys smile. A favourite exercise of this kind was to make the whole school, little and big—pupil, usher and teacher—repeat in a mock plaintive tone, the well known line of Sterne,

"Alas—po-oo-oor Yorick."

To do this, besides practising us in intonation, was always a delightful treat for the boys.

Mr. Lennie, as may be inferred from these remarks, was in some respects a little eccentric; but his eccentricities were tolerated by the parents whose children attended his academy, from a sense of the benefits which he conferred upon them in the shape of a good and sound education. A thoroughly excellent master he indeed was; and of his services in this respect, the writer, in common doubtless with many other pupils, retains a grateful recollection. The best proof of the acceptance of his labours, as a teacher and a grammatical writer, is to be found in the fact, that he was enabled to realize a handsome competence and purchase a landed estate. He was never, we believe, married; in our day, at least, his domestic matters were arranged by a venerable servant, who occasionally received "her palmies," when she failed to give complete satisfaction. This discipline, however, she took very good-naturedly; it was meant, she would say, "all for her good."

Many years having elapsed since we left the scene of Mr. Lennie's labours, he to a considerable extent dropped from our notice. In a newspaper, however, some years ago, we noticed, that when some schoolmaster had apparently invaded the copyright of his Grammar, he brought an action into the court of session against the aggressor. He pleaded his own cause; the other schoolmaster doing the same. A rich treat it must have been to the barristers and judges, to have listened to the two dominies and their war of words, flavoured as the whole scene must have been by Mr. Lennie's originality of manner. After retiring from school life, he was accustomed, we have heard, to invite his old pupils to spend some days with him at his estate; making them, on Sundays, repeat the shorter catechism as in times of old. We do not know whether "the tawse" were introduced at such meetings of his old friends.

By his will, we perceive that Mr. Lennie has left considerable endowments to some charitable institutions. He has, also, left certain annuities to assist poor scholars in their university studies; and has, in imitation of Benjamin Franklin's example, stipulated that, when their means permit, they shall repay the amount, that it may in turn do good to others. It will thus appear, that Mr. William Lennie was a man who in his day and generation lived not without benefit to the community, and who, though not without a few trifling and harmless eccentricities, possessed qualities entitling him to respect and grateful remembrance, not only among his old pupils but among a wider circle.

PHOEBE LOWE; OR, THE POWER OF WEAKNESS.

I WAS sitting alone towards the close of a summer's day, when a humble messenger brought me an urgent message. It was to request my attendance at the dying bed of a young woman, heavily afflicted with sickness and poverty, who had a favour to ask at my hands. Who is there that would or could have dared to refuse such an invitation? I need hardly say that my visit to the dwelling-place of sorrow was not delayed.

In a small room of a two-story house, down a very homely court, I found Phoebe Lowe, the young woman who had so beseechingly summoned me to her bed-side, and who made a languid effort to brighten up when she saw me. She was evidently far gone in consumption, and drawing near her latter end. A sad air of destitution, and an utter absence of necessary comforts, characterized the chamber. When sickness enters the habitation of poverty, great is the deprivation that is oftentimes endured. Well might the great poet exclaim—

"Take physic, pomp."

Well might he call upon the rich to expose themselves to the deprivations of the poor, that they might the more willingly impart to them of their abundance. The wasting process of sickness makes some patients appear almost disembodied, as if they would hardly be sensible to the touch. It was thus with Phoebe Lowe. I never saw a face so pale, or a form so spare. She seemed to shadow-like as scarcely to be a thing of earth. Little of life had she to give to death. I was left alone with her, and her tale was soon told.

Young, good-looking, and light-hearted, Phoebe Lowe was upper servant in a family where a military officer, Captain B., occasionally visited. In the army a high sense of what is termed honour is too often associated with a low sense of morality. Captain B., who would have resented to the death the slightest reflection on his gentlemanly qualities, scrupled not to lead a poor confiding girl from the path of rectitude by promising to marry her. Phoebe lost her place, her character, her friends, and her peace. Forsaken by her deceiver, who unjustly reproached her as a light character, she resorted to her needle for support. Shame, sorrow, and disappointed affection destroyed her health, and long before she became a mother, consumption had taken fast hold of her fragile frame. Her child died, her poverty increased, her disease laid her on a sick bed, and her end appeared to be drawing nigh. All at once she had an irrepressible desire to see Captain B. once more before she died.

But why had she sent for me in the season of her extremity? Simply because I had once inquired after her parents, and done them some little act of kindness. Knowing that I was acquainted with Captain B., she had persuaded herself to think that I could prevail on him to see her. Without any hesitation, I undertook to do all that she required.

Not a word of reproach, or of complaining, fell from Phoebe's lips. She was much too humbled by her own errors to bring any accusation against another. She knew that she was about to die;

her afflictions had driven her to the Bible for comfort, and strong was the hope that was in her. The words—"Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more," had been to her words of great consolation. After sending for a few comforts for poor Phœbe's immediate use, I set out on the mission with which I had been intrusted.

Though Phœbe Lowe could not be held guiltless with regard to her degradation, it could hardly have been expected that an offer of marriage, such as she had received, could have failed of making a deep impression on her mind. In addition to this, she had been flattered, persuaded, and persecuted into the erring course she had taken. The person and manners of her deceiver, too, were of the most winning character. She had seen him bravely attired in his full military dress: scarlet coat with gold-lace loops on the sleeves, and embroidered skirts; dark blue trousers with broad stripe of gold lace down the seam; epaulets of gold bullion; glittering gilt helmet; brass spurs; gold steel-mounted sword, with basket hilt; steel scabbard; crimson sash; pouch belt, pouch box, and white leather gloves. And she had seen him also proudly reining in his spirited charger, decorated with high mounting saddle, black sheepskin shabraque edged with scarlet, scarlet cloth valise, breast-plate, crupper with brass bosses and dress housing of blue cloth, embroidered and trimmed with gold lace. These things had much impressed her; for where is the young female that is not attracted by finery? Alas for poor Phœbe, that her heart was so susceptible! The rough road of duty is safe, the flowery path of pleasure is deceitful. The serpent, sin, is not the least deadly for the beauty of its scales.

As I entered the barracks to beat up the quarters of Captain B., the sentinel with shouldered carbine was pacing to and fro with measured steps, and the black trumpeter, in his white turban, was making the neighbourhood resound with his last clarion call to the absent soldiers, before the closing of the barrack-gates. Being on somewhat familiar terms with the captain, but little etiquette was required. I soon found myself with him in his apartments.

Though Captain B. had often given me military anecdotes of his regiment, the heavy dragoons, which he said was first raised in 1683, under Colonel John Lord Churchill, and had distinguished itself in Portugal and at Waterloo, yet I never before had called on him at the barracks. He met me with much frankness and courtesy; but I saw at a glance that he had mingled freely in the convivialities of the mess table. In a mild and conciliating manner I made known to him the earnest desire of the dying Phœbe Lowe. Though visibly affected, he at first made an attempt to carry off the affair with a high hand, calling her "a light hussy," and dwelling on the tales he had heard of her.

"Captain B.," said I, soothingly, "let us not enter on these things now; we have all something to forgive, and much to be forgiven. Her days, perhaps her hours, will be few, and you will not regret having contributed to her peace."

After a little time his manner altered, and pressing his hand against his forehead, as if far from being at ease with himself, he promised to call on Phœbe Lowe some time after nine o'clock that

night, if I would be there to receive him. Leaving him a plain direction, and telling him that I would wait till he came, I took my departure.

About nine o'clock I entered the sick chamber, and soon became much interested in the patient sufferer, partly propped up with her pillows. I read a little, talked a little, gave her her medicine, dwelt briefly on the Saviour's mercy to repentant sinners, and soothingly reminded her that

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

Time passed till it was near the hour of eleven, and the much-exhausted sufferer lay, pale as a statue, on her bed of languishing. In an interval of pain, for that day she had suffered much, she was sinking into a perturbed slumber. The breathing of impeded respiration, and the occasional low moan of half-suppressed anguish, fell drearily on the ear. Overcome with watching, a little girl belonging to the woman of the house was resting her head on the pillow of the invalid. Phials of medicine and empty bottles stood on the chest of drawers and chimney-piece, and a Bible lay opened on the table. I heard in the silence that prevailed the ticking of my watch distinctly, as I sat ruminating on the solemnity of the scene. "What," thought I, "if she should be called from the world before the Captain's arrival!" In such seasons how solemn are our reflections! The separation of the soul from the body is too mysterious for humanity to comprehend. That when the body moulders in the dust, the spirit returns into the hands to Him who gave it, is a truth made known to us by divine authority; but the nature and operation of the soul, the mode of its existence, the manner of its escape from its prison-house, the guides and companions of its flight, the path it pursues, the place of its destination, its entrance into the more immediate presence of its Creator, and its final and fixed state—these are subjects the depth of which is fathomless.

Suddenly a somewhat heavy tread was heard approaching the house; a tap or two at the door with a gloved hand directly followed, when I gently awoke the sleeping invalid to prepare her for the coming interview. Joy and fear, if such a mixture can be set forth in human features, were visible in Phœbe's face. Before I could descend the narrow stairs, Captain B., in his full uniform—for he had been detained at a distance from the barracks—had begun to ascend them. He was paler and more collected than when I saw him. In another minute he was alone in the sick chamber with Phœbe Lowe.

After a while I was about to leave the house, but having occasion to enter the sick room for a moment to speak to Captain B. before my departure, I gave a low tap at the door, which I suppose was not heard. No sooner did I set my foot within the chamber than I saw at a glance that I ought immediately to retire; this, however, was impossible, for I felt as if rooted to the spot. Phœbe, supported by her pillow, with clasped hands, was regarding Captain B. with affection and pity. He had unfastened his belt and laid his sword on a chair. He was on his knees, sobbing convulsively, with his face buried in the coverlet. Yes! strong, and bold, and daring as he was, he was no match for that timid, pale-

faced, wasted, and dying girl. He could not bear up against her uncomplaining and helpless destitution. The power of weakness had subdued him, and he was overwhelmed by the reproaches of his own heart.

I would say that Phoebe had heartily forgiven him; but why should I talk of forgiveness? In the lowly estimate of herself, and the consciousness of her own exceeding sinfulness, she had nothing to forgive. Now that her intense desire had been gratified; now that he had visited her on her dying-bed, his past neglect and unjust reproaches were atoned for, and all that she had endured was, as it were, forgotten. In the fulness of her affection and in the fondness of confiding womanhood, she regarded him more in the light of a benefactor. There are ties even in erring human hearts strong as death, nor can they be broken till the heart is motionless. At last I left the chamber and retired to my own abode.

When I called the next day on Phoebe Lowe, what a change had taken place! Profusion abounded where destitution had prevailed. Biscuits of several kinds, wine, grapes, and other fruit, had been sent by the Captain. The woman of the house had exchanged several articles of furniture for others of a better kind, and a clean window-curtain had been provided. Even Phoebe herself, as far as one so near the grave could manifest a change for the better, appeared to have revived. Hardly would any one have recognised the sick chamber of the preceding day. Nothing could exceed her gratitude and thankfulness.

Assiduously and unremittently, day after day, to the unspeakable satisfaction of Phoebe Lowe, did Captain B. visit, and watch over her who, by his past unbridled passions, unjust reproaches, and base desertion, he had brought down to the gates of death. He had discovered the falsehood of the tales which had been told him to her disadvantage, and this made him doubly anxious to make her all the reparation in his power. Had Phoebe Lowe reproached him for the past, or had she possessed friends to stand up in her defence, it might have been otherwise; but as it was, her self-abasement, weakness, and utter helplessness, showed him his own guilt and wrong him to his very soul.

Servant girls, and daughters of honest, hardworking parents, as you value your own peace, listen not to the seductive flattery of the libertine, whatever be the colour of his coat, or however high his position may be above your own! And be assured, ye military trespassers on the peace of families, and the sanctities of private life, that a dark day and a night of grief await you. Neither the sharpness of your swords, nor the bravery of your apparel, will always defend you from the stings of an accusing conscience. Not more certain is it that the lightning flash will be followed by the thunder's roar, than that sin will be succeeded by sorrow.

Though Captain B. did all that man could do for one on the brink of an eternal world, that was but little. He could send her delicacies, but he could not give her an appetite to eat them; he could watch over the human floweret that he had crushed, but he could not revive it. Kind words could he speak, and gentle deeds could he perform, smoothing her pillow whose every sigh went to his soul; but he could not blot out from his own

memory the unkind and unjust words and deeds with which he had blasted her reputation and destroyed her peace. Half of his worldly store would he have given to have recalled the past; but had he given it all, it would have been too late. What he had said could not be unsaid; what he had done could not be undone. The sword of an enemy would not have scared him, but the increasing feebleness of Phoebe Lowe brought him on his knees; her weakness was stronger than weapons of war.

Not long was the closing scene delayed; the cough increased, the languid pulse grew more feeble, and death entered the habitation of sickness. Phoebe Lowe had no exulting seasons in her latter end, and no fears. She had been led in a simple spirit to look to Him who is the "way and the truth and the life," and her end was peace. Captain B. was with her when she died; to him her last words were spoken, and by his hand her eyes were closed.

It was my painful experience to look upon the coffined clay, to see it deposited in the grave, to visit the green hillock that marked its place of sepulture in company with Captain B., and to witness the agony of spirit with which he regarded his erring words and deeds. Oh, wonderful power of weakness, in its turn to subdue its conqueror! "Oh, mysterious arrangement of Providence; that remembered unkindness to them who are gone and passed away from this earthly scene, should thus wring and break the heart of man more than the sternest rebukes and reproaches of his fellow! With what penetrating accents do the dead yet speak. What would not some give that the past could be recalled? What would not some give that words, which were like barbed arrows to the bosoms which now lie mouldering in the grave, had never been uttered? What would not some give that acts which were done—unkind, undutiful, and cruel acts—could be undone? With what bitterness of anguish are the wounds remembered which have been inflicted by the deceiver on the deceived one; by the child upon the departed parent; by the husband upon the departed wife; by the friend upon the departed friend! Alas! could some foresee the anguish they are laying up for themselves by the unkindness, the wrongs, the injuries they are doing to them who are their best, their truest, and perhaps their only friends, they would pause and tremble."

Again and again have I visited alone the resting-place of Phoebe Lowe, musing on the evils that are brought upon mankind by unbridled passions, deceit, oppression, injustice, bitterness, and unkindness. The seed that we sow, even of that do we reap. Never do we deceive ourselves more than when we imagine we can wrong others, even the weakest, without injuring ourselves. Sin and sorrow always were, and always will be inseparable. The oppressive master, the dishonest servant, the reckless libertine, the cruel husband, and the undutiful child, all eventually meet with their reward. Oh, that with integrity and kindness our hearts were full to overflowing! Often have such thoughts as these been pressed upon me by occurring circumstances; but never with more power than when musing on the green hillock which marks the resting-place of Phoebe Lowe.

Important Notice to Australian Emigrants.

It is in contemplation to issue before long another series of papers on AUSTRALIA, as a sequel to those, from the pen of a gentleman of high attainments in geographical science, which have already appeared in our journal. In preparing these papers, extreme care was taken to secure authentic and reliable information; but we regret to find that, in consequence of a typographical error, the government scale of charges for emigrants was misprinted on page 549. By way of correcting this mistake, and at the same time affording additional information, we reprint at large the regulations issued by the Government Emigration Office, 8, Park-street, Westminster.

QUALIFICATIONS OF EMIGRANTS.

1. The emigrants must be of those callings which, from time to time, are most in demand in the colony. They must be sober, industrious, and of general good moral character;—of all of which decisive certificates will be required. They must also be in good health, free from bodily or mental defects; and the Adults must, in all respects, be capable of labour, and going out to work for wages. The candidates most acceptable are respectable young women trained to domestic or farm service, and young married couples without children.

2. The separation of husbands and wives, and of parents from children under 18, will in no case be allowed.

3. Single women, under 18, cannot be taken without their parents, unless they go under the immediate care of some near relatives. Single women with illegitimate children can in no case be taken.

4. Single men of the second class (described below) cannot be taken, unless they are sons in eligible families, nor can any single men of any class be taken without a corresponding number of young single women of good character to equalize the sexes.

5. Widowers and widows with young children;—persons who intend to buy land, or to invest capital, in trade;—or who are in the habitual receipt of parish relief;—or who have not been vaccinated, or not had the small-pox;—or whose families comprise more than four children under twelve years of age—cannot be accepted.

APPLICATION AND APPROVAL.

6. Applications must be made to the commissioners in the form supplied by them. The filling up of the form, however, confers no claim to a passage, and implies no pledge that the candidates, though apparently within the regulations, will be accepted.

7. If approved of, the applicants will receive a printed "approval circular," calling for the contribution required by Article 8, and pointing out how the money is to be paid. After it is paid, they will, as soon as the commissioners' arrangements will permit, receive an embarkation order (*which is not transferable*), naming the ship in which they are to embark, and the time and place of joining her. *They must not leave their homes before the receipt of this order.*

PAYMENTS TOWARDS PASSAGES.

8. The contributions above-mentioned (out of which the commissioners provide bedding and mess utensils, etc., for the voyage,) are as follows:—

CLASSES.	AGE.		
	Under 45.	45 and under 50.	50 and under 60.
I. Married agricultural labourers, shepherds, herdsmen, and their wives; also women of the working class—per head	£ 1	£ 5	£ 11
II. Married journeymen mechanics and artisans—such as blacksmiths, bricklayers, carpenters, masons, sawyers, wheelwrights, gardeners, etc., and their wives, per head	£ 2	£ 6	£ 14
III. Single men, subject to the condition in Article 4:— If accompanying their parents ... If not accompanying their parents (when they can be taken)	£ 2 £ 3		
IV. Children under 14—per head	10s.		

Passages from Dublin and Cork to Plymouth, from Glasgow to Liverpool, and from Granton Pier and places north of Hull to London, (according to the English port from which the vessel is to sail) are provided by the commissioners for emigrants. All other travelling expenses must be borne by the emigrants themselves.

CAUTIONS TO APPLICANTS.

9. *No preparations must on any account be made by the applicants, either by withdrawing from employment or otherwise, until they receive the "approval circular."* Applicants who fail to attend to this warning will do so at their own risk, and will have no claim whatever on the commissioners.

10. The selecting agents of the board have no authority to promise passages in any case, nor to receive money. *If, therefore, applicants wish to make their payments through the agents, instead of in the manner pointed out in the "approval circular," they must understand that they do so at their own risk, and that the commissioners will in no way be responsible.*

11. Should any signatures attached to an applicant's paper prove to be not genuine, or any personation be attempted, or any false representations be made in the papers, not only will the application be rejected, and the contribution forfeited, but the offenders will be liable, under the Passengers' Act, to a PENALTY NOT EXCEEDING 50*l*.

12. Should any applicants be found on personal examination at the dépôt, or on board, to have made any mis-statement in their papers, or to have any infectious disorder, or otherwise not to be in a fit state of health to embark, or to have any mental or bodily defect likely to impair their usefulness as labourers, or to have left any of their young children behind, or to have brought with them more children than are mentioned in their application form, or expressly sanctioned by the commissioners, or to have attempted any deception whatever, or evasion of these rules, they will be refused admission on board the ship, or if embarked, will be landed, without having any claim on the commissioners. If after embarkation emigrants are guilty of insubordination, or misconduct, they will be relanded, and forfeit their contributions.

13. If applicants fail to attend at the appointed time and place for embarkation, without having previously given to the commissioners timely notice, and a satisfactory reason—or if they fail to proceed in the ship—or are rejected for any of the reasons specified in the preceding article—they will forfeit their contributions, and will have no claim to a passage at any future time.